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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness, and despatch.

From Arthur's Magizine for April.

THE LOYAL LOVER.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

'How shall I decide, Aunt Lucy? I cannot accept both?' The lady who was beautiful, affected a nonchalant air, and laughed a fleeting laugh. The smile did not dwell long around her lips, but faided away, leaving a sober expression on her countenance.

'It is not often, Ella that a young lady has two offers of marriage at once, and from men with such equal claims to her regard,' replied the aunt. 'The choice however is alone with yourself.

'But how shall I decide, aunt Lucy? In the nature of things, one is more fitted for my husband than the other. How shall I determine on which side the fitness lies?'

'What says your heart?'

The young lady did not answer immediately. She was looking down into her heart.

'That ought to decide,' said Aunt Lucy.'

'But it does not.' Ella lifted her calm eyes from the floor, and looked steadily at her aunt.

'You do not show much excitement. Maidens while deliberating on an offer of marriage, are not wont to be so cool and business like.'

'If a maiden is ever so cool and self possessed in her life, it should be when so deliberating. For lack of being so, how many are led to commit the most fatal of errors.

'My inference is,' said the aunt, 'that your heart is not very deeply interested in either of the young men.

'I am not blindly in love; that is certain was replied. Both offers come unexpectedly.

'Scarcely so to me,' remarked the aunt. I have seen for some time, that Mr. Andrews was a lover; and you must have had less than a maiden's usual penetration not to have perceived it likewise. I have also seen, that Mr. Floyd was deing all in his power to win your favor.'

'They have certainly been most attentive. And I will own, that of all my acquaintances they stand highest in my regard. Still, my heart is my own keeping; though one of them, I think, will be my choice.'

'There should be no choice, without love,' said aunt Lucy.

'And there will be none. First, however, I must decide between the two young men. One of them must be unconditionally rejected, and the other encouraged. I will act no double part.'

'How will you decide?'

'My mind is not clear. I want your help.

'There must be a closer observation of the young men.'

'Yes. I see that.'

'What response did you make to Mr. Andrews?'

'I told him, with as much calmness as I could assume, that before answering in a matter involving so much, I must have time for deliberation.

'Did you say that his offer was wholly unexpected?'

'No.'

'Did he seem disappointed at your failure to respond at once, in the affirmative.'

'Yes. That was plain. His face which had flushed, paled. He seemed thrown back upon himself. I felt for his position; but could not give the hope he sought,'

'You promised a reply?'

'No.'

'How then did you part?

'He said he would call upon me to-morrow evening; and I bowed my assent.'

'And so you parted.'

'Yes.'

'Mr. Floyd proposes by letter?'

'Yes. And says he will call on the same evening.'

'They will be here together?'

'Yes.'

'And at this inteview, you will most probably decide between them!

'I think so.'

'It will be well,' said aunt Lucy, 'to weigh carefully, in the interim, all considerations of exteral positions; as to family, social standing, property and the like; so that a final decision may be unembarrassed by anything beyond personal character.'

'As to that, answered Ella, 'we happen to know considerable about both of them. Mr. Floyd has some advantages. He belongs, on his mother's side, to one of our oldest and most distinguished families. His father is very wealthy. A marriage with him would certainly give me position. The father of Mr. Andrews is from the east. He came here twenty years ago, and is, as we know, a merchant of standing. I have never heard a light word spoken of either him or his family. Have you?

'No.'

'The son is, I believe, in business with his father?'

'Yes; that is so.'

'The external conditions,' said Ella, 'are therefore so nearly balanced, that we set them aside as not having weight in the case. One or the other must be rejected on personal grounds alone. Do you know anything unfavorable in regard to either of them?

'No. Both stand fair.'

'Was maiden ever more perplexed?' said Ella, with forced levity. Then growing serious again she added, 'I shall trust my intutions to-morrow night. Both being present I can give neither the expected answer. But I will read them with eyes quick to apprehend the meaning of every sentence they chance to utter; and from what then appears, decide.'

To this conclusion Ella remained firm. On the next evening, the two young men called within five minutes of each other, and met with mutual embarrassment, before the young lady came down to the parlor. Her entire self possession, when she did appear, had the effect to put them measably at their ease. One topic of conversation after another had been started and run quickly into the ground for lack of interest, when Ella said, coming to the theme which in all companies, pressed nearly every other theme aside—

'The last news from abroad looks threatening.'

She saw the eyes of Mr. Andrews flash instantly. But he asked without apparent feeling.—

'Do you think so?'

'If it means interference with us in our present trouble, yes.'

'It does not,' was the young man's decided answer.

'I am not sure said Floyd. England and France must have cotton; and for this year and next, no adequate supply is possible, except from our country. They are strong enough to open the blockade, and it's my opinion they will do it before Christmas.'

'They are not strong enough to get the cotton,' remarked Andrews, firmly.

'I think they are! the combined navies and armies of two of the most powerful nations in the world, can destroy all the blockading squadrons we can send along the southern cost, and take their cotton supply in spite of us.

There was more in the tone of this assertion than in the assertion itself, that disturbed the placid beat of Ella's heart. It struck her as vaeling something like a covert pleasure in anticipation of the result predicted.—She turned her gaze upon Mr. Andrews, and awaited his answ.e His eyes were brighter and larger than a little while before; and there was a nervous twitching of his lips, as if strong words were on them, only held back from utterance by an effort.

'There is one man who will not be a living witness of that national humiliation,' he said, after a pause, and in a tone of a man who felt deeply, but strove to hide all feeling.

'Who is that?' asked Floyd.

'His name is John Andrews!' There was a thrill in his voice that awakened a chord in the heart of Ella.

'I don't knew that I clearly understand you,' said Floyd, coldly. Ella felt the coldness and it chilled her.

'My meaning is simply this: I will be a resisting soldier, and of the number who do not mean to survive a last defeat.'

'You are patriotic, Mr. Andrews.' Low and musical, and very tranquil, was the voice of Floyd. If he felt, he did dot betray the existance of feeling.

'I am for my country,' was the simple, manly answer.

'Right or wrong?'

'Ella, who was sitting on the end of a sofa, drew herself down, in an easy attitude, and gave her whole mind to an observation of her two lovers. She felt that in this controversy, she would be furnished with ample means for a just decision.

'Right or wrong?' repeated Floyd, pressing the question home. There was the faintest possible shade of exultation in his voice.

'Yes; I am for my country, right or wrong,' replied Andrews.

'More than I can say.' Dropped in the quiet silvery tones of Floyd.

'What!' The sudden heart-throb of Andrews was in his voice.

'I am for the right first, and for my country in the degree that she is right.' Floyd threw a glance of self satisfaction upon Ella. But he read no response in her face.

'Only in the degree that she is right?' queried Andrews,

'Only,' was replied.

'Then for an error you would abandon her in the hour of danger.'

I did not say so.' The tones were not quite so soft and silvery.

'I failed to apprehend your meaning,' returned Andrews. Principals lie at the basis of action. As a man thinks, so he acts. Always in his acts will be found, in some degree, the quality of his thoughts in regard to his acts. Eminently does this hold good at the present time. If a man is for his country, right or wrong he stands up for her boldly, and neither in thought, word or deed, gives aid and comfort to her enemies. He is for his country without an 'if' or a but.'

'No matter how wicked and vile she may be?' said Floyd.

'If a man loves his country,' replied Andrews, 'his first thought will be her defence when assailed, no matter who may be her enemies—false hearted citizens or outside foes. When bulwarks of safety are made sure within and without, then will set him self to the establishment of justice and equal rights, if these have been set aside.—If our country has been wrong in anything, let us save her first and right her afterwards. This is true loyalty.'

'Who brought on this war?' demanded Floyd, still holding his smooth and courteous exterior.

'Do you ask seriously?' Andrews did not conceal his surprise at the question.

'I do.'

'The answer is before the world. Acts speak for themselves.

'True,' said Floyd. Acts do speak for themselves. One section of the country arrayed itself against another section denying its constitutional rights, and pledging itself to destroy them. That is patent to the world.

'No, it is not patent to the world,' was calmly replied. 'And I regret to hear one whom I have always given credit for intelligence, repeat the transparant assertion made by traitors in high places, whose only hope of retaining power was in a refuge of lies.'

'Will you state the case?' asked Floyd! still with exterior courtesy.

'Ella's eyes were on him, reading his countenance with interest. She liked its expression less and less every moment.

'As it appears to me said Andrews—Amid all the party strifes by which our country has been agitatated for years—mere struggles for nomination, and the rewards of office, I mean two great elements have been at work; principles if you choose to call them so. One that looked to the largest liberty of the people, consistent with the political safety, and that affirmed the Declaration of Independance without limitations; the other, assuming the right of a class to rule; claiming that all men are not free and equal; and holding to the enjoyment, by a few, of special rights and privileges, not guranteed to many. 'Now I need not say that an element of this latter kind is in opposition to the spirit and letter of our constitution. What I affirm is this:—In the last great struggle which resulted in triumph of a party, the real elements in antagionism were the two I have mentioned. The former triumphed; and true to its quality, the latter, when it could not rule, sought to destroy. Not a constitutional right had been touched; not an aggressive act so much as initiated or threatened; even while guarantees were being offered, the mad rule or party party struck quickly and desperately, hoping to surprise and destroy us. That is the answer, sir, which is before the world; and in closer accordance will be the impartial record of history. All other assumptions are mere tricks of the enemy Mr. Floyd!'

'Do you call me an enemy?' Fire flashed from the young man's eyes. The silvery smoothness left his tones.

'I hold and have so held from the beginning,' replied Andrews, with grave deliberate speech, 'That we have only two classes of men now in the country; friends or enemies. If you are not for us, then you must be against us.'

Floyd started to his feet in angry agitation. Ella kept her eyes upon him with keen penetration. He crossed the room in an indeterminate way and then returning, sat down again.

This is all out of place,' said Andrews, in a tone of apology, turning to Ella. 'I was betrayed into saying much more than I intended, and I must beg your pardon. My only excuse is the strength of my feelings on this subject involving, as it does, such momentous things.'

'No apology is required,' answered Ella, smiling with a gracious look, and speaking in an almost tender voice. 'I have listened with deep interest. Frankly, Mr. Andrews I am on your side; for my country in its integrity; and against all who, either openly or secretly hinder the restoration of law and order. As I read facts and principals, Mr. Floyd, you are wrong; so wrong, that I do not see how your thoughts and mine could ever run smoothly in one direction.'

It was so gently, yet so firmly said, that Mr. Floyd, not perceiving anything approaching to unlady-like rudeness, understood the last sentence as conveying the answer he had come to receive. For a moment he sat very still, as if stunned; then rising with a pale agitated face, he bowed and withdrew. As he left the room, shutting the door behind him, Ella turned to Andrews. Their eyes dwelt on each other's for some moments, Ella spoke first, trying, but without complete success to maintain a placid exterior.

'The loyal citizen can hardly fail in loyalty to his wife,' she said lifting her hand as if to extend it towards him. He did not wait for the act if intended, but caught it quickly and held it to his lips. Ella made no motion to remove her hand. As it lay tightly clasped in that of the young man, a flood of new emotions swept over her soul. If there had been maidenly coldnsss, and a full possession of herself, that time was past. The loyal lover had opened the door of her heart and gone in to share the kingdom.

PLANT AN APPPE ORCHARD.

The old ones are fast dying out all throughout the older States. They were planted a hundred years ago, or more, and have done good service, and ought to have their day. When apples are $3 a barrel and upward, there is not an adequate supply in the country. They can be grown at a dollar a barrel with profit. The apple crop in a single small county in this State was worth half a million dollars last year. Other counties, in the older parts of the Eastern States, were under the necessity of paying a hundred thousand dollars for this fruit, because they had not the article at home. Peaches and plums we may be able to get along without, but apples we must have—for sauce, for pies, for the desert, and for the dinner basket of little boys and girls who can not come home from school to dine. We say then to every farmer, plant an orchard of at least a hundred trees. The trees are all ready for you in the nursery, well grown and grafted, two and three years from the bud. Get thrifty trees, of varieties that you know will flourish in *your* locality and in four years you will be eating fruit from them. Do not fail to plant an orchard this very month.—[American Agriculturist.

LAMPAS IN HORSES.

Having read an article in your columns about the lampas in horses, and the writer wishing for further information, I thought I would give him all that I could.

This disease consists in swelling of the roof of the mouth, near the front teeth, and is sometimes higher than the teeth. It happens generally between the third and fifth year and is supposed to prevent a colt from gathering his food with ease so that on that account he falls off in feeding, and consequently in flesh or condition. The usual remedy is to sear the parts next to the teeth with a piece of iron made for the purpose, or cut the parts until they bleed freely.

These remedies are still generally practised, nor is it possible, I believe, for veterinary surgeons to prevent its being done.—The lampas, as it is called, however, is not the cause of the colt's ceasing to feed well, and falling off in flesh; it depends upon his cutting the grinding teeth at the proper time; and if instead of burning and cutting the lampus, as they term it, they would keep them entirely on bran marsh for a week, he would be able to eat his hay and corn with avidity, for the stomach, which always sympathizes with the mouth in the painful periods of dentition, is quickly restored, when the power of mastication returns.

We often find, when the lampas is present, that the membrane of the mouth just within the corners of the lips, is so swollen as to get between the grinders, thus preventing the animal from feeding. When this is the case, it is commonly called bags or washes, and may be removed by swabbing the mouth with a weak solution of the sulphate of iron. This disease is often occasioned by the bearing rein being too tight.—[B., in Germantown Telegraph.

WOOD ASHES.

The New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture publishes the following:

"Wood ashes are exceedingly valuable for sandy soils, and appear to be prized most highly where they are scarce and expensive. Long Island farmers and gardeners use them freely, although they are dear, being subjected to hundreds of miles of carriage while here, a hundred bushels are sent away for one used on the land. We once increased a potato crop 20 per cent by the use of 80 bushels of ashes to the acre, over that treated in every way similar except the ashes. The land had received a good quantity of stable manure the year previous, being in corn, the soil a yellow chestnut loam, which had been pretty badly run. A heavy clay may be much ameliorated in a few years by the liberal use of ashes and coarse manure. In fact, if such a soil be well drained and subsoiled, so that the water will pass freely off, a few years of such treatment, always taking care not to work it when too wet, will effect a most beneficial and surprising change in its texture. We know of no better way to amelorate a clay soil.'

We believe that unleached wood ashes are an admirable manure, not only for the class of soils above mentioned, but for all soils.—The potash contained in these ashes is in a progressed state, having already been in organic life and therefore is not only a direct food for plants to the extent that they may require potash, but has powerful chemical action in the soil, decomposing all organic substances, and rendering many onorganic substances soluble. Even the silicates, the chief component of sand, are so changed in condition, that they are ready to give strength as the outer coating of straw, corn stalks, etc., while the removal of this outer coating from each grain, presents other constituents, which otherwise might remain pent up unused for centuries. Ashes also contain traces of ammonia; they are desirable constituents in plant life, and in exactly the condition required. It must be remembered that the potash as found in wood ashes and held by a moderate amount of moisture in the soil, acts with much greater energy during the presence of the roots of growing plants. These render the water the solvent for many substances not otherwise soluble in water imbued with potash.—[Working Farmer.

TEH CLOVER BLOSSOM.

In the beautiful June morning, when the golden light rested on the hill-tops and in the valleys, and the air was full of the pleasant sounds of country life, a little red clover blossom, in its humble home by the dusty road-side, lifted its head, still wet with the refreshing dew drops, to see what all the world was doing. In the meadows and on the hill tops, the trees were standing in their wonderful beauty—the graceful elm the strong oak, the drooping willow, the slender birch, and the dark solemn pine. Along the road came the market-wagons, carrying an almost endless variety of beautiful, fragrant roses, and many other fragrant flowers of early summer; for there was to be a grand floral festival in the neighboring city, and large prizes were to be awarded to those who brought flowers of the rarest beauty.

The clover blossom grew very sad as she thought of the use and beauty of everything around her. "Of what use am I, a homely little thing living here in the dust? If I were of any use to anybody, or if I was handsome, so that the people would look at me and admire me, I should be happy; but now I might as well be out of the world as in it.'

The day wore away; but before the sun had gone down, a large family carriage came slowly down the hill. At the foot of the hill, an unfastening of some portion of the harness caused the coachman to dismount. A little girl with a thin pale face was lying in the arms of her nurse. She raised her head, and looked from the carriage window. 'See, Nanny, the little red rose! Can you give it to me?' The pale hands grasped eagerly the little clover blossom, the head dropped back to its resting-place, and soon with the 'little rose' pressed against her cheek, she child slept sweetly.

In her sleep the loosened fingers dropped her treasure, and the mother took it from the child's lap. She was was a beautiful woman; yet one did not like to look at her face, it had such a restless, troubled look.

The sweet scent of the clover seemed to awaken some old memories, for she looked like one whose thoughts were far away.—One who listened aright might have heard the clover blossom speaking to her in these words:

'Come with me lady, away from your elegant home and your fashionable life, to a little far away village. You have sometime seen that brown low, cottage, almost hidden among sheltering elms. It is a very humble house, and the two whose home it has been for more than fifty years, are very plain humble people; but when the Lord makes up his jewels from those who have loved unselfishly and have lived for others, he will not forget old Jacob and Martha Lester. Do you remember when their home and their hearts were opened to receive four homeless little orphans, whom they never let feel the loss of a mothers tenderness and father's care? You have not forgotton that summer afternoon when two sisters and a brother, who had been merrily playing amid the new mown hay mounted the well-filled cart for a homeward ride. Cheeks flushed with excitement and heat, hair twined with wild vines from the brook-side, and hats trimmed with the sweet blossoms of the clover, cut down by the mower's scythe—what a merry ride it was! 'If Frank had only been with us, wouldn't we have had [illegible] sister of Frank, the merriest rogue in all the village When they came in sight of the old farm-house, a group of men and boys were slowly approaching the door. Eagerly the the children hastened toward the house. When they reached the open door, the men were lying down their precious burden—merry little Frank—not merry now, but stiff and cold. He had been drowned in a stream near the woods while the three were playing in the hay field. When they wore their hats again, black ribbons had taken the place of the clover blossoms. And now,' said the clover, 'the old man and woman live alone in the old house; but they often long for the voices that once filled their home with pleasant sounds. Years have passed since they went away, and for a long time no tidings of them have gladdened their hearts that cherished them so fondly. The little golden-haired Lucy is a widow now, giving all her time and strength to earn bread for herself and her children. James, the brother, has gone down slowly, step by step and sometimes, if a wish for a better life come to him, no wife, or mother, or sister rejoices with him, and strengthens him by her love, and in his loneliness he sinks again. The other sister,' (I think the clover's voice must have trembled a little as she said this)—'you know where she is; and perhaps you can tell why, in her pride, she has forgotten the home of her childhood, and lost sight of her toiling, sorrowing sister; and perhaps you can tell why the sinful, unhappy brother went from her stung by her bitter words, to a deeper sin than he had known before, and why he is never more welcomed to her luxurious home.'

Tears were fast falling from the beautiful eyes, as the lady opened a case in her reticule, and carefully placed the clover in it. The carriage had reached its destination—They were at home. No one ever knew the cause of the change that came over the proud lady, who called to her home the sad sister with her little boys. One of them, Frank, you might almost believe the same little Frank that lay so stiff and cold that summer day so long ago. No one one among his reckless companions knew what powers gentler yet stronger than all the powers in the world, drew one of their number from the snars of the destroyer, and made him strong to fight the good fight and win the victory.

The old farm-house is seldom silent now, for children's voices ring within its walls and in the summer they all come from their city homes, till old Jacob and Martha, surrounded by so much young life, forget that they are very old, and their journey's end is very near. The little red clover-blossom, whose home was the dusty road-side, and who in her humility, thought she might as well be out of the world as in it, now rests in the old family Bible, pressed against the leaf that bears the record of little Frank's death.—[Christian Inquirer.

WHITEWASHING.

Rev. James Williams, the well known missionary so long resident in the South Sea Islands, taught the natives to manufacture lime from the coral of their shores. The powerful effect produced upon them, and the extraordinary use to which they applied it, he thus facticiously describes:

'After having laughed at the process of burning, which they believed to be to cook the coral for their food, what was their astonishment, when in the morning they found his cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow! They danced they sung, they shouted, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion, given up to wonder and curiosity, and the laughable scenes which ensued after they got possession of the brush and tub, baffle description. The high bred immediately voted it a cosmetic and kalyder, and superlatively happy did many a swarthy coquette consider herself, could she but enhance her charms by a daub of the white brush. And now party spirit ran high, as it will do in more civilized countries, as to who was or who was not best entitled to preference. One party urged their superior rank: one had the brush and was determined at all events to keep it and a third tried to overturn the whole, that they might obtain some of the sweepings. They did not even scruple to rob each other of the little share that some had been so happy as to secure. But soon new lime was prepared, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club, or a garment but

that was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with the most grotesque figures; not a pig but was similarly whitened; and mothers might be seen in every direction, capering with extravagant gestures, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed infants.'

The Bridgton Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1862.

CHARLES DICKENS.

No one can say to whom belongs the highest place in the realm of letters. The temple of Genius has many departments of equal elevation, and in each are numerous seats, to none of which is accorded decided superiority. The epic of Homer, the drama of Shakspeare, the ode of Pindar, the oration of Demosthenes, the plea of Erskine are models in their departments of letters, but superiority can be assigned to neither.—The Poet was in ancient times supposed to be the rarest visitant of earth, yet we have many true poets to one novelist who is worthy of being read; indeed his department of literature was wholly unknown in the times of Cicero and Horace. He is the product of modern civilization, and it is the English language that has chiefly been enriched by his works. Novels are worthy as high a rank as any other species of literature whatever; a good novel is in many repects the most instructive book that can be read. Richardson, Smollett, Fielding and Scott have each made invaluable contributions to our intellectual treasures. Dickens is, in his own peculiar province certainly the equal of these, and he seems in some respects above them all. The work of the novelist is to present a picture of life, and unfold the springs of feeling that incite to action. In the stories of Dickens we have the most complete representation of every day life, and the clearest illustration of the motives that actuate the great mass of the world that is anywhere to be found. They owe nothing of their charm to the superior attractiveness of their subjects. With kings and soldiers, with diplomacy and brilliant feats of arms he has nothing to do. The orphan foundling of the workhouse, the parish beadle, traveling showmen and the pupils of the "charitable Grinders" are the characters, that he has depicted. The most touching pathos, and the raciest humor continually succeed each other in his pages. From the exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's wax work show, he leads us away to the low couch, far off in the quiet of an inland village, whereon at last have come to an end the journeys and the sorrows of "Poor little Nell."

Dickens is appealing more successfully to the sympathies of the world in behalf of those who most need an advocate than any other living man. It is for those who feel the pressure of missery and want, who are vicious from the necessities of their situation, that he pleads; creatures shut out by the injustice of society from all the blessings of life, to whom existence has been an unmitigated curse from its commencement, to whom that which the world calls virtue and religion has been, and ever will be under like circumstances an impossibility, are presented, as the proper objects for philanthropic zeal to expend itself upon. But it is to the sorrows of childhood, that Dickens is most alive. Children are the worst abused class of society. There is perhaps no other subject on which so many false and pernicious ideas are prevalent, as on their proper education and training, encouraged by certain precepts, sour and crabbed religionists have vented the malignant spite of their natures, on the defenceless heads of children. Schools have been degraded into places but little less attrocious than the "ergastula" of Rome. It is a serious matter to embitter the lives of children, to inflict upon them cruel and degrading punishments and continually wound their tender sensibilities. Such treatment leaves deep traces on their character and disposition, which last thro' life. To depict in their true colors the trials and sorrows of childhood seems to have been one of the chief objects Dickens has had in writing; and it is evident that he has himself experienced many of the sufferings which he describes. In David Copperfield, Oliver Twist and Paul Dombey we recognize the same tender, gentle, patient and abused child, and in their characters and adventures we may no doubt find the story of his own youthful days.

In the department of humorous writing we doubt if Dickens has any superior. A writer can have no higher merit, than to excel here. Those who can appreciate a really fine witicism are exceedingly rare, and those who can produce one are rarer still.—It requires finer taste and a nicer perception of the relations which things bear to each other to understand a good attempt at sarcasm or irony, than to comprehend the most elaborate poem or oration. There are many at present who strive to gain a cheap reputation as humorists, by disgusting carricatures of the language of common life—and very many greet these effusions with enormour cachinnation, as though they were the very soul of wit; but truly it may be said, that though "they make the unskilful laugh, they can but make the judicious grieve," for more wretched productions never issued from the mind of mortal, than are the most of these. The favor with which they are received shows the lamentable want of a pure taste in regard to humorous writings. There are only a few books in the world that have any real claim to be called fine specimens of wit and humor. The "Tale of a Tub," Gulliver's Travels," "Hudibras" and perhaps the "Biglow Papers" are some of these.—But no one will wish to deny the "Pickwick Papers" a place among them. It was this story that brought Dickens prominently before the world as a writer of great original powers. As it was almost his first attempt at novel writing, so it is perhaps his best.—There are other novelists who may justly be considered his equal in many of the chief excellencies of fiction, such as the elaborate construction of the plot, the expression of deep and tragic emotions and feelings, and giving an air of romance to the incidents of life, but if any other has produced a story which contains so much wit and humor, mingled with practical wisdom we are unacquainted with it. The members of the three professions of Theology, Medicine and Law have furnished him with many of the subjects of his ridicule. Mr. Stigins "the Shepherd," Sampson Brass the Attorney, and the Medical Students will be remembered by all who have read his stories.

In the places which he chooses for the location of his scenes he is peculiar. So great was Scott's love of natural scenery that he always, when possible, surrounds his characters by crags and moorlands, or places them in the midst of the "good green wood" or among the peaks of the Alps, and he never rises to his best vein, till he mingles descriptions of his own Scottish lakes and hills, with the delineation of character. Smollet is most at home upon the sea; and Fielding takes especial delight in the estates of English Country Squires, and chasing foxes through the fields. Each of these great masters was inspired to his best efforts by a direct contact with nature. Not so with Dickens. He must be shut in by dingy and dilapidated walls before he can begin to work to advantage. It is in the mouldy office of Sampson Brass, among the antique relics of the Curiosity Shop, or in the underground tenements of the Jew Fagin that his best scenes are located. When at midnight he has turned away from the business thoroughfares of London, and passed along some miles of streets, to the narrow alleys near which the dark and turbid current of the Thames is flowing, and which are shut in by lofty buildings tottering in decay, wherein burrough thousands of human beings buried in filth, disease and vice, then it is that the marvelous powers of his mind are set free, and brought into play, and the picture he draws of these gloomy places is not likely soon to be effaced from the mind. A river flowing, at midnight, in the midst of ruined and falling houses, overhung by a dark bridge, with some wretched being contemplating a plunge into it, as a relief from misery, or struggling hopelessly in its waters is as startling and gloomy an image, as can well be conceived. Dickens has presented this several times, in those parts of his writings, where he has sought to show the depth of human misery. There is a fascination in the contemplation of dark and terrible scenes. It is in the "abhorred deep" of Hell, that the imagination of Milton appears in its true power. Dickens has shown to us the Pandemoniums of earth and they are found but little less terrible than the realms, where hover the souls of the damned.

Those, who have affected to be philanthropists, and lovers of humanity have usually looked far off for the objects of their benevolence. The self sacrifice of Indian devotees on the banks of the Ganges, the incantations of the moon, by "Lapland Witches," the political restrictions placed upon distant provinces and tribes have been some of the chief objects, on which they have expended their efforts. They have seldom thought it worth their trouble to look at the vast amount of suffering at their own doors. If the world is ever to be improved, which after sixty centuries of effort would seem to admit of a doubt, it will be not by the organization of vast schemes, for the enlightening and proselytizing of distant lands, but by relieving the wants of the millions of sufferers, that are found in every civilized community, by attending to the comfort and education of children, and removing the obstacles which prevent them from entering upon a virtuous course of life, by banishing the gibbet from the world, by dispelling the gloom and horror of dungeons, by giving air and sunshine to all. To deal out lessons of morality to one pinched with poverty and hunger is only bitter mockery. It is almost morally certain, that a boy in such a situation will steal. Every effort for his reformation to be succesful, must begin by relieving his wants. It is a philanthropy, which contemplates such a system of reformation, of which Dickens is the teacher.

We know of no author who can be read more advantageously than he; whoever has become habituated to the reading of such works as his will not be likely to be contented with the sickly effusions, with which the press teems, and which reviewers puff into celebrity, at a stated price per line.

Dickens combines many and varied excellencies, poetic beauty, pathos, deep tragic power, facility in expressing the fugitive emotions that are often experienced; a love of truth and justice, genial humor and the most pungent sarcasm. He has probably contributed more largely to the permanent literary treasures of the world, than any other living writer. His influence is always on the side of what is truly virtuous and good. There are hardly any so illiterate, and none so highly cultivated as not to enjoy his beautiful creations. He is in sympathy with human nature, and hence his words find a response from all whose natural feelings have not been perverted. We may recur to his pages for amusement and instruction and for incentives to kindly and benevolent action. We shall there learn to judge less harshly of those whom society stigmatizes as criminals and casts out to ruin and death, and to pay less deference to the sanctity of those, who assume to be the models of social and political virtue. We shall become aware that one identical spirit pervades all men, whether in the midst of wealth or wretchedness, that they are virtuous or vicious, much more from the force of circumstances, than from design.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT. Our town lies somewhat remote from the great traveled thoroughfares of the nation. Celebrated artists and performers have seldom visited us, Biscicaunti never trilled her quavers and Ole Bull never scraped his fiddle for our edification. We are guiltless of a theatre, and great actors have never here been seen marching to the foot lights, and making our hair rise by horrific accents, nor have virtuous damsels played before us the "Octaroon" or fallen dead by the butcher knife of the paternal Virginius.

Yet has the native genius of our citizens made good the absence of renowned performers, and furnished us with entertainments equal to any that are given elsewhere.—Some of our generous youth have donned the tragic buskin, and their brilliant impersonations recall the traditional glories of David Garrick and Edmund Kean. So too in the musical art we have a cluster of brilliants which it would be hard to surpass.

On the occasion of the exhibition given at the close of Mr. L. T. Barker's singing school, on Friday last this was made manifest. From the known excellency of the performers, the public was led to expect a rare treat of melodious strains, and at an early hour the hall was crowded to its full capacity.

'O, bright the lights shone o'er fair women and brave men."

The exercises were commenced by the whole school, and their style of singing was calculated to give a high idea of their collective abilities. It speaks much for Mr. Barker's efficiency as a musical instructor, that he should be able to train so many voices into harmonious accord in so short a time. They at first executed various pieces of sacred music of the more common description, afterwards Hymns and Anthems, interspersed with Songs and Glees were introduced and sung by those who have been under the more immediate instruction of Mr. Barker. Mrs. Perry presided at the Melodeon in a manner to meet the highest expectation of her friends. We will not attempt to notice each one of the pieces performed, but speak of some of the more striking of them.

The first song was entitled "Row on." It was sung by a Quartette who had been under instruction only four weeks, it was most creditable to them. "Our Volunteers" is a song appropriate to the times which has been composed only a few weeks, it was sung by the same voices as the former, it was rendered in such a manner as to bring out in full force its different shades of sentiment and feeling. The Glee, "Away my Gallant Bark" was sung by Barker's Quartette Club consisting of Mr. & Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Woodbury and Mr. Dodge. In this piece Mrs. Woodbury executed one of the most difficult feats of music with perfect success, carrying up her voice to an extraordinary key. Any Prima Donna might justly be proud of such a performance. The Glee "Hail Smiling Morn," was lively and spirited, and well received.

The Hymn "Sweet Peace," was sung by the whole school, it was of a gentle and easy character, and was sung in perfect time and tune. The Anthem "Bow down thine Ear" was one of the more noticible pieces, the first part was of an imploring, and supplicating character, the last indicated praise and rejoicing, this was rendered in the happiest manner. The Song "We are Marching Along" was justly considered the star piece of the evening. It was sung by Mr. Barker alone with the exception of the chorus in which he was assisted by seven ladies and gentlemen. All the different feelings and passions which the great war for nationality gives rise to were brought out to the life by the singers. Mrs. Barker gave a surprising exhibition of her power in this song. Its rendition was greeted with such stormy applause that the whole building shook again. At the earnest solicitation of the audience it was repeated. The exercises closed by singing "America" by the whole school.

Those who had the pleasure of listening to the evening's entertainment will not soon forget the occasion.

Mr. Barker has given to us one the finest exhibitions of the musical art that has ever been heard in our town, and considering that it was a free gift from him and his scholors he is certainly entitled to our thanks Music is one of the most elevating and refining of studies, it is the very acme of intellectual voluptuousness. Its tendency is to drive out coarse and brutalizing amusements, and it is for the interest of every community to give its professors a liberal patronage.

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY. This Magazine for May, is before us. The number promises to sustain the high reputation, that it has earned. Some of the more noticable articles are, "What shall we do with it," by Hon. J. W. Edmonds, "State Rights," "Knight of the golden Circle." The editors promise in the next, a new story entitled "Was he successful," by R. B. Kimball, Esq.

HOME MAGAZINE. The May number of this publication is before us it is worthy of a careful perusal.

THE NEWS. Since our last issue, great events have occurred and although the most of these will not be new to our readers, we will give a brief summary as we wish to present a connected view of the principal events of the war. Island No. 10 was captured by the brilliant and combined movements of Foot and Pope. It is said that no lives were lost on our side during the siege, by the guns of the enemy.

The occupation of this important fortification leaves the Mississippi open to us almost to Memphis and at last advices the irrepressible Comodore was pressing down and paying his respects to Fort Randolph which is situated not far above it.

Almost similtaneously with the surrender of Island No. 10, the battle of Pittsburg landing on Tennessee river occurred.

This was the greatest battle that ever was fought on the American continent, whether we look at the number of combatants, the character and appointment of the troops, or the daring obstinacy and desperation with which the field was as contested. There were as many men engaged as met at Waterloo and the field was hotly contested although the result was not so decisive. Both parties claim a victory. We seem to have held them in "Stale mate," which some authorities set down as a drawn game, or we might more properly say, that Beauregard got "euchred" as he picked up the "trump" and boldly announced his determination "to play it alone," but he failed to make his "point" and we score down heavily against him in the game of war.—A cannon ball smashed the head of A. S. Johnston who was the "left bower," himself being the right.

On Sunday morning at six o'clock the Southern forces numbering probably about sixty thousand, advanced upon our army under Gen. Grant numbering about thirty-five thousand. Johnston commanded their right—Polk their left and Beauregard their center. Prentiss who was on our left was first attacked by the enemy's right, the fight gradually extended to the center where McClernard commanded. The battle raged till noon without decisive results, with the exception of the capture of Gen. Printiss' camp. At this time the southern Generals led their entire forces to the attack.—They are said to have received reinforcements and some accounts say that they brought down upon Grant's force an army of 75,000 men. Under this enormous pressure our troops fell back a half or three quarters of a mile and drew up in the form of a semi-circle resting on the river and supported by two gun boats. The contest that followed was one of the most bloody and terrific that is recorded in the annals of warfare, for five hours, more than a hundred thousand men plied each other with every destructive agent that human ingenuity has been able to invent. The mighty bodies of troops alternately reeled backward and forward, leaving the ground between them heaped thick with death. At four o'clock Gen. Buell arrived on the opposite bank of the river, and as soon as possible sent across eight regiments, and night soon after closed the battle of Sunday. During the night Buell brought over 30,000 men to reinforce Grant. Early in the morning Bragg brought up 25,000 men to reinforce Beauregard, and the fight was at once renewed.—Gen. Grant put himself at the head of six regiments, and hurled them on the enemy's center they wavered before this terrific charge and soon broke and fled, and their whole army not along after commenced a retreat, although the battle did not wholly cease till four o'clock in the afternoon.

It is probable that not less than 150,000 soldiers participated in the great engagement and it can be hardly possible that less than 20,000 men of the North and South lay dead and wounded on the field at its close.

It was not the antipathies of races, nor the influence of military chieftains that led these multitudinous hosts to conflict.—There is hardly a nation of the civilized world that was not represented and the main bodies of the opposing armies could not easily have been distinguished from each other by language or manners. The commanding generals had not ever before been engaged in a great battle. The men of the North and of the South fought for a principle. It is time for all to consider what that principle is. The commanders on both sides displayed the highest courage and skill, and their troops the most determined bravery.—Grant and Buell did all that men could do to uphold the fortunes of our cause, and their inferiors in rank are worthy of as exalted praise. But it is undeniable that a great military blunder was committed before the battle in leaving an inferior force exposed so long, when a junction might easily have been effected. Those who deny this and assure the people that they can have no understanding of the proper conduct of the war may next tell them that it is not the sun that makes day light, and that they are not competent to judge of matters so far above them.

The armies of the Potomac have got into position again. The Southerners are planting "quaker" guns, and McLellan is "organizing victory."

Fort Pulaski one of the most important works on the Atlantic coast has been captured, it defended the approaches to Savannah.

The abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia has been consumated.

GODEY for May surpasses itself. Besides a large amount of interesting and valuable reading matter it contains more than the usual quantity of fine engravings and fashion plates.

SUDDEN DEATH. On the afternoon of Tuesday, April 16th, Mr. David Fowler of North Bridgton, while on his way to Mr. Osgood's store was attacked with sudden faintness and only saved himself from falling by seizing hold of the door of the Rev. L. W. Harris' house, close by which he was at the time.—He was immediately assisted home, but lived only about an hour, he died before the arrival of a physician. His death is supposed to have been caused by disease of the heart.

Mr. Fowler was one of the oldest and most respected citizen of the town. He was born in Ipswich Mass. in the year 1791 Oct. 31st, and was aged 70 years and 6 months. His parents removed to this town in his boyhood and he has lived here ever since.

Gradually the links that connect the present generation to the early days of our republican institutions are falling by their own weight. It remains to be seen whether later times will produce a more heroic or a more intelligent population—to them belongs the glory of New Orleans and Lundy's Lane, our laurels are yet to be won. There is no safer guide to political and moral excellence than the example of the white haired veterans who reduced the wilderness to cultivation and upheld our free institutions.

☞ Owing to the sudden sickness of Mr. Noyes the Reporter did not appear last week; assistance could not be procured elsewhere in season to set the type for the paper. We are happy to announce that the publisher has recovered, so far as to be able to resume his duties. Owing to the unavoidable delay we are obliged to leave out several interesting original communications, letters from correspondents, which would have become uninteresting from the length of time that has elapsed since they were written, also several valuable articles on topics of general interest are crowded out by the press of matter which we have this week; this must be our excuse for not inserting them.

ONE of the most interesting species of reading matter is a file of old newspapers.—We recently had the pleasure of overlooking a volume of the Eastern Argus printed in 1805 which belongs to Benj. Walker, Esq, it is devoted to the defence of Thomas Jefferson and to the discussion of the matters that led to the war of 1812.

LETTER FROM 13th MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

BATTLE GROUND OF BULL RUN, March 30th, 1862.

DEAR FATHER:—I have but a few moments before the closing of the army mail—but I will try to improve this brief period in letting you know that I am well and all right every way. Our Brigade left Winchester on Friday, March 21st at about sunset, for Manassas. We marched about 7 miles and bivouached in the woods; pleasant over head when I laid down, but woke up in the morning to find myself lying in a puddle of water—it having rained hard during the night; dried myself by a large fire, and we were soon on the march. A part of our route lay through the valley of the Shenandoah—the scenery was splendid indeed. At about noon we had reached the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains and pitched our tents; we started again on Sunday morning, crossing the mountains, and marched 17 1-2 miles to the town of Addie; halted here till 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon, when we had orders to return to Winchester; we started on our return at sunset, and reached our old camp ground on top of the mountains, at three o'clock on Tuesday morning—rested here till eight o'clock, when we resumed our march and soon reached the Shenandoah river, but the bridge was partially carried away and we had to wait nearly all day for repairs; at night we crossed over and had marched but a short distance when we met a messenger, who had been sent to inform us the battle at Winchester was over and we were not wanted; so we turned back again and encamped on the mountains—crossing it three times. While on the mountains I received a letter from Frankie and one from uncle Washington—receiving news at the same time from home and from Boston, assuring me that, though far away, the soldier boy is constantly held in fond remembrance. These frequent letters from home and dear friends go far towards ameliorating the harships of the camp and the march.

We now made easy marches, and reached Centerville on Friday, March 28th—halted here for one hour; I can assure you that this is a strongly fortified place—I have not seen anything like it before.

We are now encamped on the battle field of July 18th—a place memorable in history. I made a search around the field and officers barracks for relics, but the place had been carefully gleaned by those that came here before us, and I only found the enclosed map of the grounds, by it you will see just where we are encamped.

During the week we must have marched about 100 miles—but I stood it first rate.—To-morrow we go to Manassas Junction, beyond that I know nothing about our destination.

We have first rate news from Winchester. Jackson was soundly whipped, but it was our luck not to have a hand in it,—well, I suppose you are glad of it; but we shall get enough of it before the war is over; it has now fairly begun—Don't you "hear the thunder all around the skies."

I hope I shall be able to write you a more detailed account of the past week's proceedings—but cannot tell now. These are stirring times and I know not what a day may bring forth; so I bid you all farewell.

P. S. I forgot to mention, that on our way hither we captured [illegible] a captain in the rebel army, we brought along with us.

We had quite a smart snow-storm yesterday; it is raining now. The travelling for our baggage train and batteries is poor. The cavelry can pick their way a little, infantry take to the fields by the road at times—so you will perceive there will be much order in our marching.

MANASSAS, Va. April 7, 1862.

We left Bull Run on Monday morning March 21st, and marched four miles over one of the worst roads I ever saw, encamped here at sunset. Here we met Sergeant [illegible] with his 40 recruits for our regiment from Boston, they had just arrived and were waiting our arrival. Sergent Howe brought me a letter from uncle Washington, and also one from home with a gold piece enclosed. I thank you for it; it came very acceptable, as I have not received a cent of money from "Uncle Sam," since I joined his numerous family of boys.

Soon after our arrival we made [illegible] in an old fort, to make us comfortable, the baggage train arrived, they delayed by the bad roads, they got along about nine o'clock, when we pitched our tents and "turned in." Next day as we could get no straw, we made floors to our tents with boards. Wednesday our regiment, but Company A, proceeded to Warrenton a distance of some sixteen miles, where we left here to guard the commissary stores. Manassas, the reputate stronghold of the rebels, is not equal to my expectation. As for fortifications it does not compare with Portsmouth; there the ports extended all round the town; here there are only small mound forts scattered all over. I have examined all of them and do not see any indications of there ever having been any guns in them; in one fort I saw three Quaker guns,—(logs of wood painted black).

This is the most deserted looking place that I ever saw, there is not a house standing, nor buildings of any kind. The numerous trenches and ditches about, some were intended for rifle pits I suppose. There are hundreds of dead horses lying about, filling the air with a horrible stench. There is a rail-road here, the only thing that keeps the place from sinking into insignificance. In the brief time that we have been here, thousands upon thousands of infantry have passed through the place. On Saturday, Capt. Porter's Battery passed here. I saw Dan Bannon, Joe Yates, [illegible] Eben Hill, and Johnny Gardner, the West Cambridge boys, Jim Kenney I did not see as he was left to take charge of some waggons that were left behind; they have had an easy time, lying in camp and seeing no active service. This is the first time they have left camp to go away any distance since their arrival last fall. The 21st [illegible] regulars and the 11th N. Jersey have passed here; in addition to these 1000 cavalry have arrived and departed. Among the number was the somewhat famous Maine regiment, they appeared well. I went among them but could not recognize a single man that I had seen before, whether they were from a section of the state where I am a stranger.

I presume you see in the papers frequent mention made of the Maine Cavalry and Porter's Battery. They are said to be composed of superior men, to be ambitious of excelling in the art of arms, &c. Well it is no less to feeling more interest in troops that come from near my own home, than from a distance, or from a section of country where I am an entire stranger. Porter's battery will become very noted indeed. I shall watch their career upon the field with great interest—not only because they were encamped for a long time near my own happy home, but more particularly from the fact that they have in their ranks about ten of my hardy West Cambridge boys, and their commander is a son of the somewhat noted innkeeper in your vicinity. The battery [illegible] and men look as though they could be relied upon in the day of trial, and that day is near at hand.

There was a railroad accident below Warrenton last night two trains ran into each other producing a general smash up. One of which contained a regiment of soldiers—there was one soldier killed and several wounded.

We expect to join our regiment at Warrenton soon; we are anxious to get away from this disgusting place, no person would live here an hour unless duty compelled him. Where we shall be sent from Warrenton we cannot tell.

Please remember me to all my friends, especially those that write to me. It is really gratifying, in my long and weary moments to find at different points, letters awaiting me. I cannot answer all those [illegible] for reasons that must be obvious to all, though I would gladly do it did circumstances permit. My health was never better.

From your affectionate son,

WARREN H. FREEMAN.

For the Reporter.

MR. BARKER'S SINGING SCHOOL.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds"

The influence of music upon the [illegible] of the mind is known to every one, and there is any where to be found a man who has no music in his soul, that man is to be pitied. He is fit only for [illegible] the man who cannot feel the inspiration of poetry and song. The man whose [illegible] not awakened by sweet and affecting [illegible] such as was listened to by a delighted

...ance, at our Temperance Hall, last Friday ...evening, must be something less than *a man*. Those melodious airs, sung by sweet voices, and accompanied by Mrs. Perry's sweet toned instrument, which she knows so well how to use,—were enough to do any heart good. They reached the deep fountains and thought and feeling, and,

Untwisting all the links that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,

tinged the emotions with their own hues, both when plaintive and when joyous.

The sacred music was excellent. The *Songs* and the *Glees* were grand. The whole exhibition was a perfect success, or the writer is no judge. Mr. Barker should be countenanced by an appreciative public, and the young persons of both sexes whom he has so nobly trained, should be incouraged to "go on unto perfection" in this delightful and *delighting* science.

It is not strange, considering the power of poetry and music, that some of the early legislatures wrote their laws in verse, and had them sung in public places. Nor is it strange that one who understood the power of poetry and of song should say, "Permit me to write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes her laws."

ONE WHO WAS THERE TO HEAR.

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T. H. MEAD, Sec'y.

No. Bridgton, April. 21, 1862. 24.

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SKATES & CO.
Porter, Me.

☞ TO CONSUMPTIVES. The advertiser having been restored to health in a few short weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge,) with the directions for prepairing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHAMA, BRONCHITS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Porties wishing the prescription will please address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg, Kings County, N. Y. 21:3m.

☞ THE SECRET OF HEALTH.—(By one, who has tried it:)

Let all who would avoid the woes
Of catching cold and sneezing,—
The nameless horrors of "black dose,"
The pain and grief of wheezing,—
Rheumatic anguish, swollen throat,
(These plagues that come together,)
Just use a few of Herrick's Pills,
Just made to suit the weather.

See advertisement on third page. 1yr39

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Cumberland, the undersigned will sell a certain piece of Land belonging to the estate of Benjamin F. Smith, late of Bridgton, in said county, deceased, being about

TWENTY-FIVE ACRES

of Lot numbered nine in the tenth range of lots in said Bridgton, and bounded on the North by the lot line which divides it from the remainder of the Homestead of said deceased and on the South by land of the late Benjamin Nelson.

Proposals will be received for said Land until the first day of April; and if not previously sold at private sale, it will be sold at Public Auction on that day, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the premises.

M. GOULD, Administrator.

Feb, 20, 1862.

APRIL 1, 1862—Sale adjourned till TUESDAY the 29th day of April, inst, at two o'clock, P. M. on the premises.

22 M. GOULD, Administrator.

Sewing Machines

FOR TEN DOLLARS!

Warranted to do all kinds of family sewing giving perfect satisfaction For sale at

F. B. & J. H. CASWELL'S,

22 Bridgton Center, Me. tf

---

100 BUSHELS

CANADA Grass Seed, for sale at HANSON & HILTON'S, at 2.75 per. bushel Also one ton Prime Clover Seed.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned, Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor, of the Town of Bridgton, give notice that they will be in session at the Town House, within said Town, on the first and third Saturday of each month, from one o'clock until five in the P. M., for the purpose of transacting such business as may come before them in their official capacity.

Families of Volunteers needing relief are requested to give their attention at the time and place above stated.

THOMAS CLEAVES,
JACOB HAZEN,
GEORGE E. MEAD,
Bridgton, March 8th, A. D., 1862. 19

Notice.

THE subscriber, grateful for past favors, would respectfully give notice, that he is again prepared to furnish

Boots & Shoes,

of every description, and of the best material and workmanship, to all who favor him with their patronage.

REPAIRING

done at short notice. Also,

Sole Leather, Shoe Findings

and almost all kinds of

SHOE STOCK,

on as good terms as can be had at any other establishment.

JAMES WEBB.
North Bridgton, March 4, 1862. tf18

Notice.

THE subscriber offers for sale at the store formerly occupied by A. & R. H. DAVIS, a large and well selected

STOCK OF GOODS!

which will be sold at very low prices for *ready pay*.

WANTED.

1000 BUSHELS OATS;
1000 " CORN.

FOR SALE.

2000 POUNDS CLOVER SEED;
100 BUSHELS GRASS SEED.

A. M. NELSON.
Bridgton, March 6, 1862. 18tf

HOW LOST! HOW RESTORED!

Just published in a Sealed Envelope.—Price Six Cents.

A LECTURE ON THE NATURE, AND Radical Cure of Sepermatotrhoe, or the Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Emissions, Sexual Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally. Nervousness, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits: Mental and Physical Incapacity, resulting from Self-Abuse, &c.—By ROBT. J. CULVERWELL, M. D, Author of the *Green Book*, &c.

This world-renowned author, in his admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials, pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically. This lecture will prove a boon to to thousands and thousands.

Sent under seal in a plain envelope, to any address, on the receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps, by addressing.

DR. CHAS' J. C. KLINE;
127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box, 4586. 1y:14

DENTISTRY.

DR. HASKELL

WILL be at Bridgton, March 12, and give his attention to those who may wish his professional services.

Dr. H. is Agent for a superior SEWING MACHINE. Price $25 00 and upwards.

MBridgton, March 6, 1862. tf18

R. J. D. LARRABEE & CO.,

69 Exchange Street.—PORTLAND, Me.

Importers and dealers in

ARTIST'S MATERIALS,

ENGRAVINGS,

—AND—

PICTURE FRAMES!

Particular attention paid to

Framing Paintings & Engravings,

in any desirable style.

Burnishing & Ornamental Gilding

Satisfactorily executed All kinds of

MOULDINGS.

in any quanity.

LINE AND MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS.

Lithographs and Photographs of new and old subjects.

☞ All articles generally kept in such a store may be found here. tf

---

LEATHER FIRE HOSE!

DOUBLE AND SINGLE RIVITED,

FOR

Steamers and Hand Engines!

[MILL CORPORATIONS, &C.,]

Manufactured and warranted

BY JOHN L. SHAW & CO.,

NO. 87 FEDERAL STREET,

Portland, ... Maine.

Fire Caps, Badges, Belts, Flexible Pipes, &c., &c., made to order.

N. B. Particular attention given to the Repairing of Old Hose, Suction and Leading. Also, Couplings furnished.

GROUND

PLASTER!

The subscriber has for sale at his Mill, Bridgton Center, a large lot of

Windsor Plaster,

in barrels or by the bushel, which he will sell for Cash or exchange for Country Produce.

Also, 200 Casks Thomaston

LIME!

received by the Canal Boats, which he offers very low for cash.

BENJAMIN WALKER.
Bridgton Center, Dec. 12, 1861. 6tf

UNION

CLOTHING-STORE

The largest and best Stock of

CLOTHING!

GENT'S

Furnishing Goods

AND CLOTHS,

Ever offered in this State, may be found at

BURLEIGH'S

163 Middle Street, Portland,

Consisting in part of

OVER COATS,

From 3,50 to $18,00.

DRESS FROCK COATS,

From 4,00 to $16,00.

SACK COATS,

From 2,50 to $10,00.

Pantaloons,

From 1,25 to $5,00.

VESTS,

From 75 cts to $7,00.

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,

Of every description.

A great variety of

Rubber Clothing,

BROADCLOTHS,

CASSIMERES,

DOESKINS,

OVER-COATINGS,

AND VESTINGS,

of every description, all of which will be sold *very* low for Cash.

NO. 163 MIDDLE STREET,

PORTLAND.

JOSIAH BURLEIGH.

Oct. 10 1861. 6m49

PICTURE FRAMES!

ALL sizes Gilt Picture Frames made to order at CASWELL'S.

Boarding and Livery Stable.

DR. E. F. RIPLEY

Takes this method to inform the public that he has leased and refitted the 'OLD ELM HOUSE STABLE,' on Temple Street, Portland, for the purpose of carrying on the above business, and feels confident that by furnishing good Board, good care and well appointed let teams, he can give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

Veterinary Surgery!

DR. RIPLEY still continues to treat diseases of Horses, Cattle, and in fact, all domesticated animals, upon the most approved principles, at his old stand, Elm House Stable, Temple Street, Portland.

3m49 E. F. RIPLEY, V. S.

DIXEY STONE & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES.

PAINTS AND OILS,

HARDWARE,

CROCKERY, &c. &c.,

BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

Pondicherry House.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he is ready to entertain, at the above House, travellers in a good and substantial manner, and for a reasonable compensation. The Pondicherry House is kept on strictly temperance principles and travellers will find it a quiet resting place. My House is also fitted up for boarding, and all whosee fit to take board with me, will find a comfortable home.

☞ I have also, good Stabling for Horses

MARSHAL BACON.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1858. 2 tf

F. B. & J. H. CASWELL,

JEWELERS,

BRIDGTON CENTER, MAINE.

DEALERS IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY

—AND—

PLATED WARE.

SPECTACLES, of every description A superior article, with Periscopic Glass.

☞ All repairing faithfully attended to

J. F. WOODBURY,

Manufacturer of

FURNITURE BEDSTEADS, &C.

TURNING, SAWING, &C.

Done at short notice, and with dispatch

JOBBING!

attended to with promptness and dispatch

☞ Please give us a call.

Shop next door to Adams & Walker's Store.

BRIDGTON CENTER. 42

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his FARM, situated on the "Ridge" in Bridgton, containing forty acres of good land favorably divided into tillage, pasture and woodland, with an orchard.

The Buildings are new and commodious

This valuable property is one of the most desirable locations in this region. It is within 1¼ miles of the Academy, quarter of a mile from the District school house, and only 1½ miles from the Post office.

Possession will be given either this Spring or next Fall.

Terms of payment easy. For further particulars apply to AARON GIBBS,

or BENJAMIN WALKER.

Bridgton, April 4, 1861. tf22

J. P. WEBB, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

REFERENCES.

Prof. Frank H. Hamilton, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.
S. C. Hunking, M. D., Windham.
S. H. Tewksbury, M. D., Portland.
W. B. Richardson, M. D., Portland.
W. W. Green, M. D., Gray. 42

THE ORIGINAL

T. B. BURNHAM,

—OF—

BURNHAM & BROTHERS,

Take this method to inform the citizens of Portland and vicinity, that he has fitted up a new suit of Rooms for the purpose of making Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, and Photographs, in all their branches, at

NO. 90 MIDDLE STREET,

(Opposite J. E. Fernald's Tailoring Establishment.)

These Rooms have been fitted up expressly for the purpose, and entirely without regard to expense—having two large Sky Light Rooms for the convenience of the different kinds of Pictures, and so arranged as to open them into one for large Groups, which makes the largest Room to operate in to be found in this section.

CARD PICTURES, - - $3 00 per dozen.
SMALL PHOTOGRAPHS, $1 00 for 24.

A Miniature Album for holding fifty of these little pictures. Price only one dollar, bound in Turkey Morrocco.

☞ Miss Burnham will wait upon visitors as usual. Please call and see for yourselves a large collection of finished Photographs.

Yours respectfully,

T. B. BURNHAM.

Portland, Feb. 6, 1861.

PROGRAMMES AND TICKETS.

THE Bridgton Reporter Office has facilities for furnishing Programmes and Ticket for Concerts, &c., at low prices

---

DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS of all kinds selling cheap at BALL.

CARPET

WARE-HOUSE!

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

CARPETINGS,

—LATEST STYLES—

In Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry, Ingrain, Superfine and Stair!

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS;

all widths.

Straw Mattings, Rugs, Mats, &c.

Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures.

Drapery Materials of Damasks and Muslins.

Feathers and Mattrasses

Bought at Reduced Rates and will be sold

Very Cheap for Cash, by

W. T. KILBORN & CO.

(*Successors to E. H. Burgin,*

FREE STREET CARPET WARE HOUSE

Chambers No. 1 and 2, Free Street Block.

Over H. J. Libby & Co.'s,

25 PORTLAND, ME. tf

OLD FRIENDS

IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills!

The best family Cathartic in the World; used twenty years by five millions of persons annually always give satisfaction: contain nothing injurious patronized by the Principal Physicians and Surgeons in the Union; elegantly coated with sugar.—Large Boxes 25 cents, 5 Boxes one dollar Full Directions with each box. Warranted superior to any Pill before the public.

READ THE EVIDENCE.

Racine, Wis., Nov. 2, 1860.

To Dr. Herrick, Albany, N. Y.—Dear Sir: I cannot refrain from informing you of the wonderful effect of your Sugar Coated Pills on a boy living with me. While hard at work, drawing cord wood, he fell to the earth, as if in a fit, was insensible and partially cold. We carried him to the house, and sent for a doctor, who bled him and gave him some medicine. He remained all night in the same situation. The doctor said he would die, and left him. My wife insisted upon giving him some of your pills. We administered four in five hours, and shortly after two more, rubbing him with hot brandy and mustard. The pills operated powerfully. At four o'clock in the afternoon he opened his eyes and spoke, commenced getting better, and in three days went to work. More than fifty of our citizens saw the boy, and will testify to what I have said. You are a stranger to me, but I thought I would write.

Yours, ALEXANDER MORTON.

HERRICK'S KID STRENGTHENING PLASTERS cures in five hours pains and weakness of the breast, side and back, and Rheumatic complaints in equally short period of time. Spread on beautiful white lamb skin, their use subjects the wearer to no inconvenience, and each one will wear from one week to three months. Price 18 3-4 cents.

Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catarrh Snuff

Has obtained an enviable reputation in the cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Watery and Inflammed Eyes, and those disagreeable noises, resembling the whizzing of steam, distant waterfalls, etc., purely vegetables comes with full directions, & delights all that use it; as a sneezing snuff it cannot be *equalled*. BOXES 25 CENTS.

HARVEL'S CONDITION POWDERS.

These old established Powders, so well *known* at the Long Island *Race Course*, N. Y., and sold in immense quantities through the Middle and Eastern States for the past seven *years*, continue to excel all other kinds; in diseases of *Horses* and *Cattle* their excellence is acknowledged *everywhere*. They contain nothing injurious, the animal can be worked while feeding them; ample directions go with each *package*, and good horsemen are invited to test their virtues and judge of their *goodness*.

LARGE PACKAGE, 25 CENTS.

☞ The above articles are sold by 27,000 agents throughout the United States Canadas and South America, at wholesale by all large Druggists in the principal cities

HERRICK & BRO.,
Practical Chemists Albany, N. Y.
Sold in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden. 1y39
E. BRADFIELD, Traveling Agent.

JUST OPENED!

A Large and Attractive Stock of

MILLINERY

AND

FANCY GOODS,

consisting of Bonnets, Ribbons, Silks, Laces, and a large assortment of French Flowers.

Also, Ladies' Misses' and Children's Hats of all styles, Blondes, Ruches, Shaker Hoods, Frames, &c.

All the above to-gether with an assortment of

DRESS TRIMMINGS,

Fringes, Buttons, Velvet Ribbons, Netts, Undersleeves, Collars, &c., will be offered at the lowest market prices.

Bonnets Bleached and Pressed,

Also, Bonnets and Hats Dyed in the most superior style.

☞ Those wishing to purchase a Bonnet cheap will do well to call soon.

L. E. GRISWOLD

Bridgton, April 24, 1861. 25

S. M. HARMON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BRIDGTON, ME.

OFFICE—Temperance Building.

MARRETT, POOR & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CARPETINGS,

Paper Hangings,

Feathers, Mattresses,

—AND—

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

85 & 87 Middle St,. (up Stairs,)

tf PORTLAND, ME. 26

AYER'S

CATHARTIC

PILLS.

Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged, and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and cleanse out the disordered humors—purify the blood, and let the fluids move on unobstructed to health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and obstructs its natural functions. These, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing general derangement. While in this condition, expose to the inclemencies, take Ayer's Pills, and see how directly the natural action of the system are restored, and with it the return of the feeling of health again. Wherever this trivial and common complaint is found to exist, many of the more concealed and dangerous maladies will find a ready solution. Indeed, a great majority of the diseases and derangements which afflict mankind originate in a cold. Colds, obstructions, and their consequences, are the most common ailments of the human body, and every one should know how to overcome them. Nearly all the diseases which are known by the names of Fever, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Headache, Pain in the Side, Kidneys, and Bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the cure of disease.

From Dr. E. W. Carter, Attorney at Law, Lowell.

Your Pills are the prince of purgatives. Their searching qualities surpass any combination we possess. They are mild, but very certain and powerful in their effects upon the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of diseases.

Headache, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach.

From Dr. Edward Sager, Gardiner, Me.

DEAR SIR: Ayer's Cathartic Pills have relieved complaints I have cured with no other remedy. I have found them to be done on an individual who was suffering from a severe attack of disease, and believing as I do that they are the best we have, I of course want them in my practice.

From Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

DR. J. C. AYER. Sir: I was severely cured of the worst headache and backache I ever had by two of your Pills. It came after a full stomach, which they cleansed at once.

Yours with great respect, W. H. HOYLE,
Clerk of Police Court.

Bilious Disorders—Liver Complaint.

From Dr. Theodore Dimon, Rochester, N. Y.

Not only are your Pills the best cathartic we can employ for our purpose as an aperient, but I find they act directly upon the liver very marked manner. They have in my practice proved more successful for this class of diseases than any one remedy I can mention, and I am rejoiced that we have at length a cathartic in which we may rely with the confidence of the profession and the people.

From Hon. Joseph Dana, Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C.

SIR: I have used your Cathartic Pills in my family and practice ever since you made them, and have no hesitation in saying they are the best cathartic we are acquainted with. Their action on the liver is prompt and decisive, and consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have found them a safe and reliable purgative in most of the diseases that require the use of a cathartic, and have obtained more complete cures by them. Fraternally yours, ALEXANDER DANA, M. D.,
Physician in the Marine Hospital.

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Relax, Worms.

From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago.

Your Pills have been a long time in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best medicines I have ever found. Their power over bilious disorders does not surprise me. Their superior qualities render them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood.

From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood, they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, &c. J. V. H.

WARSAW, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1859.

DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and *purify the fountains of the blood*.

JOHN G. MACCRACKEN, M. D.

Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, Palsy, etc.

From Dr. J. P. Kingsley, Montreal, Canada.

Too much cannot be said of your Pills for the cure of costiveness. If some of our fashionable ladies would but try it for the benefit of the most obstinate who suffer from that complaint, which all females are liable to, they would be the recommender of others to do the same, but your Pills speak for themselves to every one who has used them. I believe they cleanse the whole system, and your Pills are the best remedy to restore the organs to health and vigor that I am acquainted with, and cure the disease.

From Mrs. E. Stuart, Physician and Midwife, Boston.

I find one or two large doses of your Pills taken at the proper time are worth more than all the medicine in the practice when what is wanted is to relieve nature and be effectual to cleanse the stomach and bowels. They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend them to no other to my patients.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawks, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

PLANTERS HOUSE, Savannah, Ga., June 6, 1860.

HONORED SIR: I cannot be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me, and I feel impelled to express my case to you. A cold settled in my throat and lungs, accumulating upon me, and I was brought very low. Medicines failed to relieve me, and many of my friends, who knew the virtues of your Pills, urged me to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure.

Notwithstanding a host the use of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until by the advice of an excellent agent in Lafayette, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By perseverance in the use of them, I am now entirely well.

SENATE CHAMBER, Baton Rouge, La., 3 Dec. 1860.

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills in my family and in my practice for years. Yours truly, W. L. SANDERS.

Rheumatism Cured.—A painful disease, which had afflicted me for years. VINCENT SCHAEFER.

☞ Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the fearful consequences that frequently follow its use. These Pills contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever.

Price, 25 cents per Box, or 5 Boxes for $1.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

All our Remedies are sold by S. M. Hayden, Bridgton; J. D. Freeman, No. Bridgton; Blake, Harrison. 1y11

J. D. WOODBURY,

DEALER IN

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY,

CIGARS, &c.,

BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

Also—Saws GUMMED and FILED at the shortest notice. tf

HORACE BILLINGS,

Commission Merchant,

—AND DEALER IN—

HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL,

No. 56 Elm, and 18 and 20 Friend Streets.

BOSTON.

THE CONFESSIONS and EXPERIENCE of a SUFFERER—Published as a warning and for the especial benefit of Young Men and those who suffer with Nervous Debility, loss of memory, premature Decay, &c., &c., &c., by one who has cured himself by simple means, after being put to great expense and inconvenience, through the use of worthless medicines prescribed by learned Doctors.

Single copies may be had of the author, C. A. LAMBERT, Box, Greenpoint, Long Island, by enclosing a Post-paid addressed envelope. Address CHARLES A. LAMBERT, Esq., Greenpoint, Long Island, N. Y.

2m11.

MISCELLANY.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race where some succeed
While others are beginning;
'Tis luck in some, in others speed,
That gives an early winning;
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor;
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never.

And if you keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor;
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever:
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never.

Ne'er labor for an idle boats
Or victory o'er another;
But while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother;
Where'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to beat the rest,
'Tis better late than never.

Choose well the path in which you run—
Succeed by noble daring,
Then, through the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor,
But ever keep this truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never.

OBJECTS SEEN FROM DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

AS HE SAW IT.

Such ribbons and roses, such ringlets of hair:
Such feathers and flounces, so white and so fair;
Such rosy-hued cheeks, such teeth, and such eyes;
Such a snowy white neck, of such delicate size;
Such a bit of a waist, such a love of a hand;
Such a foot, such an ankle, such an air of grace, and
Such "a fine figure of a woman."

AS SHE SAW IT.

Such a fair manly brow, such a modest moustache;
Such a sweet winning way—no swagger or dash;
Such love-lighted eyes, such an aquiline nose;
Such a neck, such a neck-tie, such nice-fitting clothes;
Such an air all at ease, such a model of grace;
Such a form, such a figure, such a beautiful face;
Such a gem of the species human.

AS SOMEBODY ELSE SAW IT.

Such a swell of a chap, such a gay flaunting belle;
Some brains, but more hair—no wisdom to sell;
Such near-sighted eye-glasses astride such a nose;
Such an earnest desire for the largest of "shows;"
Such notions, such gestures so vulgar and rude;
Such a pompous young snipe, such a mincing young prude—
So queer is the human vision.

THE FIGURES ON DRESS PARADE. Assuming an army at 600,000 men formed into line, single rank, they will show a front of 23 miles, allowing 2 feet to a man, which is rather close packing for free movements. We will countermarch one half—the right wing—and place them as a rear rank, (the usual formation,) and we have a front of 11 1-2 miles, which distance they would require when marching in column of platoons. Should the generalissimo wish to make a rapin inspection, if he had the appliance of a paralled track, and a fast locomotive, he may run down in front of the line in a quarter of an hour, and make a hasty review.—If mounted on his charger, at a smart trot, it would require over half an hour. This respectable army, formed in a hollow square (in double rank,) would be near three miles from side to side, showing on each front a fraction under three miles. The enclosure would contain about 5,760 acres, an area equal to some immense Indian corn fields in Illinois. When marching in column, it would require a whole day, taking the thing easy for the extreme left wing to reach the point left by the right wing in the early start. When we add the commissariat, artillery, ammunition and other wheel transports, we must give the army two whole days before the left wing *debouch* from the starting point of the right wing. If this immense army were formed in a solid square allowing about 4 square feet for a man, they would cover about 150 acres, and form a block of bayonets a fraction under a quarter of a mile square. Estimating each man as carrying weight of musket, equipments, rations, &c., at 50 pounds, this army will have trudged along with 15,000 tons weight. Allowing two pounds of provisions per diem for each man they consume 600 tons per day, and if they drink one quart of water per day, which is the best drink for an army, they consume 150,000 gallons—say 1,200 hogsheads—which is a clever sized ship load each day.

Tears at a wedding are only the commencement of the pickle that the young folks are getting into.

The scarcity of salt at the South is terrible. The children are actually forced to cry with fresh water tears.

A good plan to preserve apples from rotting is to keep them in a dry cellar easy of access to a family of children.

'Boots?' Answered a sea-sick Frenchman from his berth; 'Oui, oui—you may take zem; I shall want zem nary more!'

Married life often begins with rosewood and ends with pine. Think of that, my dears, before you furnish your parlors.

The difference between a carriage wheel and a carriage horse, is, that one goes best when it is tired, and the other don't.